

QLFC season 4

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Summary: I'm putting all of my entries for QLFC in this fic. Check them out, they're pretty fantastical ;). Rated T as always

QLFC season 4

\*\*So I'm doing the thing again. (For those of you who don't know, the 'thing' is QLFC and this year, I'm chaser #1 on the Wasps)\*\*

\_\*\*Anyway \*\*\_\*\*I was supposed to w\*\*\*\*rite about a death eater at home, and I think I did a pretty good job. Just a warning, it's kind of crack-ish.\*\*

\*\*Prompts:\*\*

\*\*(Dialogue) "I really do like the pants."\*\*

\*\* (Word) Espresso\*\*

\*\*(dialogue) "If you don't eat your vegetables, you can't have any pudding."\*\*

\*\*DISCLAIMER: I don't own Harry Potter or any of the other references I made in here.\*\*

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><p>Peter Pettigrew had decided that today was the day he was going to spend at home. Today, he was going to take a staycation.<p>

He had owled Lord Voldemort after his morning espresso, claiming that he was sneezing up blobs of gelatin. In actuality, Peter was fine, though he did stay up late last night coughing up chocolate pudding.

After weeding his garden and digging up some potatoes and radishes

for supper that night, Peter took a bath.

Of course, being in the  
I-just-graduated-so-I'm-poor-and-I-can't-live-

with-my-friends-because-then-they'll-know-I'm-a-Death-Eater situation, Peter didn't have a bathtub. So instead, he would transform into his rat-form and bathe in the cup he used for his morning espresso. He used a tea kettle to warm the water, a bit of dish soap to make bubbles, and an old toothbrush to scrub himself clean.

As the animagus lounged in the teacup, he realized that his owl, Bertha, had dropped off the morning post. He finished his bath, dried off and turned back into a human. He didn't bother to change into clothes- he had decided that later, he would go through his winter wardrobe.

The morning post consisted of The Daily Prophet, an invite to Sirius and Remus's wedding, and a postcard from his mum, detailing her vacation in the south of France. Tossing the postcard aside and deciding to look at the invite later, Peter began to read The Daily Prophet, noting that while The Daily Prophet did have a fascinating article on the extinction of stuffed elephants, there was a surprising lack of Quidditch. Was the Quidditch season over? He didn't think so.

Instead of an article detailing the latest game of Quidditch, there was an article about how most of the Quidditch players were missing, or something. Peter, however, couldn't find it in himself to care.

Leaving the newspaper on the table, Peter decided it was time to start sifting through his clothes. It was beginning to grow cold, and he wanted to switch out his spring and summer wardrobe for his fall and winter one.

It took him one hour, fifty-three minutes and forty-two seconds precisely to try on all of his shirts; an hour and eleven minutes to try on pants; forty four minutes to try on all of his jackets and shoes. Towards the end, he was trying to decide if he wanted to keep the pair of pink and brown checkered jeans his mother had sent him for his birthday.

"Well," he murmured, "I really do like the pants. They're quite comfy, and they make my ass look rather fantastic. Although, Sirius would literally die laughing if he saw me wearing theseâ€|"

In the end, he decided to wear the jeans for the rest of the day and then throw them away.

The chubby wizard decided to spend the rest of the day cleaning. He used magic, of course, but even with the convenience of cleaning spells it took ages. The shack he was living in was dusty, and none of the dust bunnies were eager to leave. In the end, he captured them in several shoeboxes, sealed them shut with a bit of magic, and threw them in the dumpster. Dust bunnies were a pain in the ass. If they weren't taken care of, they would reproduce until your house was flooded. Peter's cousin had once forgotten to get rid of them before going on a two week trip. When he had returned, there were dust

bunnies spilling out of the chimney.

As it came to be supper time, Peter prepared himself a small dinner of mashed potatoes and radishes. He also cooked himself a nice, fat pork sausage, which was devoured within the first two minutes of his meal. The potatoes and radishes, however, took a little while longer to eat.

"Come on, Peter," he muttered, trying to encourage himself. "If you don't eat your vegetables, you can't have any pudding."

He managed to get through the radishes. The potatoes were another story.

"I wonder if I have any molasses," he muttered, standing up from the table and wandering over to the cupboard. Luckily for Peter, there was a small jug of molasses hidden behind the jar of jellied salamander eyes. It was barely enough to cover his mashed potatoes, but he figured it would have to do.

With the molasses on his potatoes, he devoured the mash, enjoying the strange but wonderful combination of potatoes and molasses.

"Well," he burped, "how about that pudding?"

The chocolate pudding that he had coughed up the other night was stored in the fridge and looked delicious as ever.

He gobbled down the pudding in a few short minutes. After doing so, he almost became bored, except, there was a strange rumbling sound coming from outside, which he just couldn't ignore.

Peter peeked out the window, hoping that it wasn't someone important.

It wasn't.

It was something much more exhilarating than anything one could have ever imagined. He stepped outside to get a better view.

There, right in front of his house, was a stampede of stuffed elephants. There were pink ones, blue ones, purple ones, spotted ones, striped ones. No two elephants were alike, the only thing they all had in common was that they were enormous and there seemed to be people riding on their backs.

The wizard squinted his eyes, not quite believing what he was seeing. Could it be? No, this couldn't be right. Peter had to be going crazy.

There, riding on the backs of the elephants, were all the missing Quidditch players. One Quidditch player per elephant, and they seemed to be enjoying themselves? How did this happen?

Peter would've gotten his explanation had he actually tried to investigate. It would've been easy to go over and shout up to one of the players and ask what was going on. He even could have looked at The Daily Prophet article, but he decided that would have been too much work. Today was his staycation, and he wanted to end the day sitting in his chair with a cup of tea and his new adult romance

novel, so that was what he was going to do.

After thoroughly enjoying the first few chapters of My Throbbing Passion, he fell into a dreamless sleep. It had been a good day.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>I referenced Over the Garden Wall, by the way. Gold stars to those of you who got that. Also, a gigantic thank you to my lovely team members for helping me with this.<strong>

\*\*Leave a review please!\*\*

\*\*~Al\*\*

End  
file.